

The Garden

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Summary: What if Rosco and Daisy had fallen in love?

1. Default Chapter Title

The Garden, Part One

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A Dukes of Hazzard fanfic by Clarice_Lecter

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PREMISE: What if Rosco and Daisy fell in love?

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>DISCLAIMER: The characters of Bo Duke, Luke Duke, Daisy Duke, Jesse Duke, J.D. Hogg, Rosco P. Coltrane, Flash, Enos Strate, Cooter Davenport, and Lulu Hogg are the exclusive property of Warner Brothers Productions and their affiliates. No infringement of any kind is intended.

>
Friends and neighbors, this was a summer like no other in the record books. Boss Hogg actually relented and had a community swimmin' pool constructed at the Hazzard County Youth Center, since the lakes was dryin' up on account of El Nino. An' in the spirit of good will, he gave Bo an' Luke jobs as lifeguards, since Enos couldn't swim an' he wanted to keep Rosco on patrol an' out of the Boar's Nest, where he's been stayin' every chance he gets. An' that's how our story begins...

>
"Rosco, this is the third time you've been in here today," a perplexed Daisy Duke said when she saw the county's fiftysomething Sheriff walking in, carrying his equally overheated basset hound Flash as he did. It wasn't even 11:00 in the morning yet, and it was already 90 degrees outside.

>"Well, my little fat buddy won't spring fer air-conditionin' for all the police vehicles," Rosco replied. "An' top it all off, this dang uniform an' hat's roastin' me like a Christmas turkey---not to mention li'l ol' Flash here gettin' a touch of th' heatstroke now an' then, khee-khee..."
Daisy fixed a dish of cold water for Flash, then poured Rosco some grape Gatorade over ice. "Boss won't even letcha have a cool drink in your patrol car, sugar?" she now asked.

>Rosco took a few gulps of the Gatorade, then wiped his brow with a napkin. "Nope, nope, nope. Fat li'l meadow muffin won't allow

drinkin' on the job, even if it's buttermilk. He could put in a pool at the community center, but he won't take care of his police department...I'm sorry, Daisy, I shouldn't be unloadin' around you..."
"Rosco, it's perfectly all right. Even if that brother-in-law of yours don't like us Dukes that much, you can talk to me anytime. About anything."

>Rosco continued sipping his Gatorade, the electrolytes returning to his system and cooling him down. He and Daisy had been talking a lot lately, sometimes talking for hours upon hours...
Rosco, when in God's name are you gonna tell her how ya feel? he scolded himself in his mind. Ya can't run from it forever, ya dipstick...

>Rosco's eyes never left Daisy as she continued on with her chores. She was getting the Boar's Nest ready for the lunchtime crowd, and she was working harder than a bouncer in a tittie bar...
"Hot damn, but she's amazing," he now thought to himself. "All the purty gals in the world, an' I never really noticed Daisy before..."

>As he was watching her, he could feel himself becoming very warm, very aroused...

>Flash's paw scratching at his foot stopped Rosco's chain of thought. "Gg-ggt!" he exclaimed, coming back to himself. "Flash, girl, are ya done drinkin' already?"
He hurriedly finished his Gatorade, then picked up his two turkey sandwiches before starting back on patrol with Flash. "Rosco, you're forgettin' something," Daisy called out, stopping him before he cranked up his squad car.

>"Gg-ggt!" he exclaimed again. "What're you talkin' about? I gotta get back on patrol---!"
Daisy brought out a large, cold bottle of water. "Somethin' t'keep you cool, to go with your sandwiches," she replied, slipping him the bottle just as Boss Hogg started calling on the C.B..

>"Rosco? Rosco, ya got'cher ears on, you knucklehead?" Boss scolded over the C.B.. Rosco took the C.B. receiver in his right hand, and the bottle of water in the other.
"This is Sheriff Rosco, come back."

>"Rosco, I hope you an' your mangy hound's on patrol an' not at th' damn Boar's Nest! I swear, you've been goin' ovah there an awful lot lately---!"
"Boss, I just pulled somebody over in th' speed trap, an' it turned out they wasn't doin' nothin' wrong---!"

>"That's beside the point! Now listen, you get yourself ovah to Enos' lookout post on Cedar Ridge right away---I'm sendin' him to Atlanta this afternoon on official police business, so get yo'self some sandwiches, it's gonna be a long day! You heah?"
The whole time Rosco and Boss talked, Rosco's left hand had wound its way around Daisy's. His fingers had even entangled with hers...

>"That's a big ten-four, li'l fat buddy! I'm gone!"
Just as he set the receiver back, Rosco finally noticed that he and Daisy had been holding hands. "Ohhhh-oh," he now said, giggling like a schoolboy as he released her hand. "Gotta go to Cedar Ridge---somehow, th' dipstick got hisself a day trip to Atlanta, keee-keee-keee!"

>"Hey, listen, you an' Flash get thirsty again, you know how to get here," Daisy grinned.
As Rosco drove off, Daisy had a lot of questions in her mind...

>"Why'd he hold my hand while he talked to Boss? An' how come I liked it?"

>Friends, now you're startin' to get the picture. They ain't sure how it's happened, or why it's happened, but they ain't no doubt about it...
Rosco and Daisy are in love.

>Meanwhile, Bo an' Luke got to talkin' to Cooter about the change in Rosco the last couple of months, how he'd started goin' to the Boar's Nest for any opportunity to talk to Daisy, an' how he'd stopped chasin' them all over Creation just because Boss Hogg thought it'd be

amusing...

>"Am I to understand that Daisy's started spendin' most of her free time with Rosco?" Cooter asked, all confused.
"It sure looks that way," Luke replied. "Every chance he gets, he's in the Boar's Nest and they're talkin' up a storm. She's sneakin' him an' Flash bottled water an' Gatorade because Boss won't have the squad cars air-conditioned---!"

>"She does that for Enos, too!" Cooter interjected.
"Yeah, but she an' Enos don't talk the way they used to," Bo now admitted. "Matter of fact, she an' Enos only say 'hi' and 'bye' to each other now---it's been that way since he left her at the alter last year."

>"Really," Luke chimed in. "'Weddin' called on account of hives,' my ass---he wasn't gonna marry Daisy a bit more than shit."
"Now Lukas K., when'd you start comin' down with SOUTH PARK potty-mouth disease?" Cooter said.

>Bo shook his head. "Daisy an' Rosco...who'd have thunk it?
"Then again, when you think about it," Luke chuckled, "ol' Enos Strate is about as exciting as watchin' paint dry on Uncle Jesse's barn. At least Rosco's got SOME experience!"

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END OF PART ONE

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2. Default Chapter Title

The Garden, Chapter Two

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"Daisy, you're sure bein' quiet," Uncle Jesse asked when all the Dukes made it home for supper later that night. "J.D. threaten to dock your pay again?"

>Daisy pondered her plateful of ham, beans and greens, barely touching her food. "Naw, Boss Hogg's actually behaving himself," she admitted. "It's Rosco I'm worried about."
"Here we go," Bo groaned.

>"Bo Duke, what's that supposed to mean?" Daisy protested.
"Nothin', Daisy," Luke interjected, his tone gentle. "It's just that...well...we've noticed you an' Rosco have been talkin' to each other a lot lately. Care to tell us about it?"

>"Now just simmer down, kids, I ain't gonna have no quarrelin' at the dinner table," Jesse now said. "But y'know, Daisy, Luke's right. How come you've started talkin' to Rosco so much?"
"I don't know, Uncle Jesse," Daisy now admitted. "He's been comin' in the Boar's Nest up to five, six times a day so we can talk. Partly because Boss Hogg won't put air conditionin' in the squad cars. I've been givin' Rosco an' Enos something cold to drink while they're on patrol..."

>"Is that all you talk about, Daisy?"
Uncle Jesse had her. "No, it's not...we've been talkin' about everything and nothing...I've been ventin' to him about the way Enos swerved me, that although I've forgiven him for it, I wasn't ever gonna look at him the same way again. An' he's been ventin' to me about his ex-wife, Sue Ann McGraw..."

>Bo now reentered the conversation. "No offense, Daisy, but why Rosco? We're friends with Ms. Lulu an' Cooter. You can talk to them anytime you want to talk to someone other than us...why Rosco?"
Daisy took a sip of her milk. "I don't know, Bo...but I do know that every time I talk to him, I always feel better. I guess you

could say I feel more comfortable with him than I do with anyone else, other than y'all. Rosco an' I are able to talk about things I was never able to talk about with Enos..."

>
Now friends, you know that in itself is a dead giveaway. After dinner, Daisy went with Ms. Lulu for their "girls' night out" to go see the new Tom Cruise movie at the Hazzard Cineplex, leavin' the menfolk to talk amongst themselves on the porch...

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"She's in love with him," Bo now said between sips of beer.

>"You're not kiddin'," Luke replied. "An' chances are, he feels the same way."
"Now hold on, boys, she never said that," Uncle Jesse now said. "Just 'cause two people become more familiar with each other don't mean they're fallin' head-over-heels..."

>"C'mon, Uncle Jesse, you saw how Daisy acted at the mention of Rosco's name," Bo replied. "She never acted that way about Enos---!"
"I noticed it, too, Uncle Jesse," Luke added. "Every other word out of her mouth these days is 'Rosco' this an' 'Rosco' that. And, they have been talkin' to each other everytime they see each other---when he came over for dinner last Sunday with Boss an' Lulu, they spent two hours talkin' out here!"

>At that moment, Cooter Davenport, the best mechanic in Hazzard County, showed up. "Hi, boys," he called out, joining them on the porch.
"Hey, Cooter, come getcha a beer," Uncle Jesse chuckled, bringing out a Budweiser tall boy and opening it for him.

>Cooter accepted the beer with a "Thanks, Uncle Jesse," then sat on the porch steps. "Where's Daisy at tonight?" he then asked.
"She's gone to the movies with Lulu," Bo replied, "but she's got a bad case of Rosco-on-the-brain."

>"Yeah, I noticed. I saw him at th' Boar's Nest earlier, chuggin' Gatorade like his life depended on it..."
"He goes in there several times a day," Luke now said. "Mostly so he an' Daisy can talk, not just so he can get some Gatorade down his throat..."

>"The boys think they're fallin' in love, Cooter, but I don't buy it," Uncle Jesse said.
"I do, Uncle Jesse," Cooter now admitted. "The way they look at each other when they're talkin'...she never looked at Enos that way. She's never really looked at any guy that way...an' as for Rosco, he's as starry-eyed as she is right now. I came in twice, when he was there, an' her face was lit up like the Fourth of July..."

>Uncle Jesse couldn't believe his ears. "Rosco? Of all people?"
"Sorry, Uncle Jesse," Luke grinned, "but we rest our case."

>Uncle Jesse thought a minute. "I don't think we should interfere, if that's what happenin'," he now said, "but I'm gonna go over an' talk to J.D. while Daisy an' Lulu's at the movies..."
Just as the words left his mouth, here came Boss Hogg in his big white Cadillac with the steer-horn hood ornament. "You won't have to, here he is," Cooter chuckled.

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Ol' Boss wasn't in a bad mood, but you could tell somethin' was eatin' him. An' the Dukes an' Cooter already knew what it was...

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"Evenin', Dukes," Boss Hogg said, trying to be as jovial as possible, "hi, theah, Cooter...hey, Jesse, you feel like joinin' me for a drive? We gotta tawk."

>"J.D., if it's about what I think it is, you can tell me in front of the boys, here," Uncle Jesse said with a grin.
"Ah know that, but...well, ah jus' wanna tawk t'you in private. Issat okay?"

>Jesse looked at him worriedly. Boss had never acted like this

before. "Well, okay, J.D., if you want to...boys, Cooter, I'll be back in a little while. Y'all watch for Daisy when she gets home, okay?"
"Sure thing, Uncle Jesse," Luke replied, watching his uncle leave with Boss.

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As soon as Boss an' Uncle Jesse were well away from the Duke farm, Boss cut to the chase like he cuts through his raw-liver breakfast...

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"Ah'm gettin' awful worried about Rosco," Boss admitted. "He's goin' in an' outta th' Boar's Nest more times than the Beudrys have built stills! Kin ya tell me what's goin' on?"

>"Well, whaddya expect?" Jesse now said. "Sittin' all day in that heat, with no air-conditionin', would overheat a grizzly bear! He's just been goin' for somethin' to drink---!"
"That ain't all he's goin' for! There's the little matter of him an' Daisy's li'l chit-chats..."

>Jesse knew exactly what he was talking about. "Is that what you're worried about, that Daisy might be leadin' him on? Did it ever occur t'ya that maybe, just maybe, they're talkin' to each other of THEIR OWN FREE WILL, J.D.?!? Ain't nothin' wrong with that!"
"Ah jus' don't want him t'get hurt agin, that's all---!"

>"Daisy ain't hurtin' him none! In fact, J.D., talkin' to her maybe th' best thing to ever happen to him---AND her! How d'ya think Daisy felt when Enos Strate left her at th' altar?"
"At least he was upfront about leavin' her---Sue Ann McGraw duped Rosco into an illegal marriage!!!"

>Boss then relented. "Look, Jesse, arguin' about this won't do eithah of us any good...I'll tell ya what, ah'll have th' air-conditionin' put in th' squad cars tomorrah mo'nin'. Mebbe that'll calm things down a little bit..."
"An' if they still keep talkin' up a storm..."

>"Then we can panic."
After the "spit-and-shake," Boss and Jesse made their wager.

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Well, friends an' neighbors, Boss kept his word about air-conditionin' the squad cars, to make the patrols easier for Rosco an' Enos. Unfortunately for Boss, that didn't even begin to put a dent in Rosco an' Daisy's chats. On one of her days off, Daisy decided to bring him some lunch while he'd taken over Enos' patrol, since Enos was goin' on another day trip for Boss...an' that's when it happened.

>
"Daisy, you didn't have t'do this," Rosco said when Daisy showed up with her picnic basket full of goodies---baked chicken sandwiches, pasta salad, cold sliced peaches, and a large Thermos pitcher of sweet iced tea with lemon.

>"I know, sugar, but I wanted to," she replied. "Is it okay if we eat in your car? It's a little hot out here..."
"No, darlin', it's a LOT hot out here. But you're more than welcome to join me, khee-khee-khee!"

>Flash gladly gave up her seat so Daisy could cool off, and was rewarded with two of the sandwiches. "Here ya go, Flash," Daisy grinned, "bon appetit!"
The views from Cedar Ridge were absolutely beautiful...the valley below looked like one of God's gardens, lush and green and gorgeous. Rosco and Daisy ate their lunch quietly, while taking in the view...

>The pasta salad was tossed with a balsamic vinaigrette Daisy had made from scratch, from one of Lulu's cookbooks. The chicken sandwiches also had a hint of the vinaigrette on them, which Rosco dearly loved. The peaches and the tea rounded off the meal beautifully, the glowing sun making everything all the more beautiful...
At one point, Rosco chanced it and took her hand in his. Daisy became aware of his soft hand caressing hers, his fingers

once again wrapping around hers, just as they had a couple of days ago at the Boar's Nest.

>Then he began to sing an old Jim Nabors tune she'd remembered from her youth...
"If you miss the train I'm on," he began, his voice surprisingly beautiful as he sang, "then you'll know that I am gone...you can hear the whistle blow a hundred miles..."

>As it had when she'd first heard it, at Aunt Martha's funeral, the song caused tears to well up in her eyes. It wasn't the memory that made her cry, but Rosco's beautiful delivery...she'd never known he could sing like that.
By the time Rosco had finished the song, Daisy's face was buried in her hands, the uncontrollable sobs causing her to shake. "Oh, darlin', ah'm sorry," he whispered, grabbing his handkerchief and giving it to her so she could dry her eyes.

>"It's all right, Rosco," she wept, dabbing away her tears, "that was so beautiful...why didn't you tell me you could sing?"
Rosco couldn't believe his ears. "Y...you think ah kin sing?" he asked. "Boss always tells me to hush up muh warblin' when ah start..."

>"The next time he does, sing louder so he can really hear you..."
Daisy then leaned over, to kiss his cheek, but wound up kissing his lips when he turned his head. This made them see each other with new eyes.

>"R--Rosco...?" she asked. "Did that just happen?"
Rosco was just as surprised as she was. "Ah..ah dunno..."

>Before they could say anything else, they kissed again...and again...soon, Rosco's hands were cupping Daisy's face as their kissing became more amorous, more passionate...

>Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh, boy...who'd have thought this day would come?

>After they'd been kissing and clutching each other for fifteen minutes, they tapered off, still holding each other. "Oh, Lord, Daisy, you don't know how long ah've wanted t'do that," Rosco now admitted. "How long ah've wanted t'kiss you..."
Daisy smiled, her nose nuzzling his Eskimo-style. "That makes two of us, sugar," she cooed, softly stroking his cheek. "And you kiss as well as you can sing..."

>Another kiss, another taste of each other's tongues. "Ah love you, Daisy," he finally admitted. "Ah've loved you fer th' past ten years...ah just never thought ah'd be able t'tell you, t'show you..."
Rosco's confession brought Daisy's own. "Oh, Rosco, I love you, too," she whispered. "I just didn't know how much..."

>"Ah don't care what anyone thinks...not muh li'l fat buddy, not Enos, not Bo an' Luke, not no one. Ah love you..."
"I don't care, neither...I love you so much, so much...an' I want t'show you how much I love you...but here's not a good place or time..."

>Rosco looked down in the valley below Cedar Ridge. Boss Hogg had a cabin down there, with a nice big double bed. Daisy knew about the cabin, too---that was where Boss Hogg went to calm down after he and Lulu had a fight. "You thinkin' whut ah'm thinkin'?" he now asked.
"Boss Hogg's cabin? I'm way ahead of you..."

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END OF PART TWO

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